

THE OLD SOUTH



or The Romance of
Early New England History

The Old South Meeting House

Anniversary Edition

TWO HUNDRED YEARS

1929

917.446
F151o

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
17,446 - F1510 OF
GEORGE LUNDY
726
F

SAVING THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

The Women of New England to the Rescue

At length, the building having been somewhat damaged in the fire of 1872 and other circumstances having arisen, the congregation decided to worship elsewhere and in a new meeting-house. The property of the New Old South on Boylston and Dartmouth Streets was first occupied in 1874. The old building was leased to the United States for post-office purposes for two years from December, 1872. Then came the thrilling campaign for its preservation. In the spring of 1876 the church was advertised for sale. Protests came from all over the country; but the effort to preserve the building was unorganized, and on June 8 it was sold at auction for \$1,350, to be removed within sixty days. The work of destruction at once began. The clock had been taken from the tower, and the solid masonry had been attacked, when a prominent Boston business house, George W. Simmons & Son, stepped in and bought the right to hold the building uninjured for seven days. June 14 fell in the middle of that period; and the meeting in the Old South on that day was one of the most remarkable ever held within its walls. The meeting-house was crowded, Wendell Phillips and others making notable speeches. Months of strenuous effort followed, and public interest was roused. The price of the land on which the Old South stood was \$400,000. It was finally the women of Boston and New England who saved the old meeting-house. Mrs. Mary Hemenway's gift of \$100,000 was the decisive act. An equal sum was made up by the contributions of hundreds of generous givers, and by this payment at the time of half the price the Old South was saved.

(From Old South Leaflet No. 202)

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Book No. 917.446 F151o

Accession No. 191905

Purchased _____


Gift of Copeland Oaks

*From the
Library of*



*Copeland
Oaks*

THE OLD SOUTH



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

THE OLD SOUTH

OR

THE ROMANCE OF EARLY
NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

BY

JAMES O. FAGAN

BOSTON
PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
INCORPORATED

1928

REL

Copyright, 1923
JAMES O. FAGAN
Boston, Mass.

Second Printing, March, 1924
Third Printing, May, 1925
Fourth Printing, June, 1926
Fifth Printing, June, 1928

917.446

F1510

191905

INTRODUCTORY

TO

MY WIFE

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

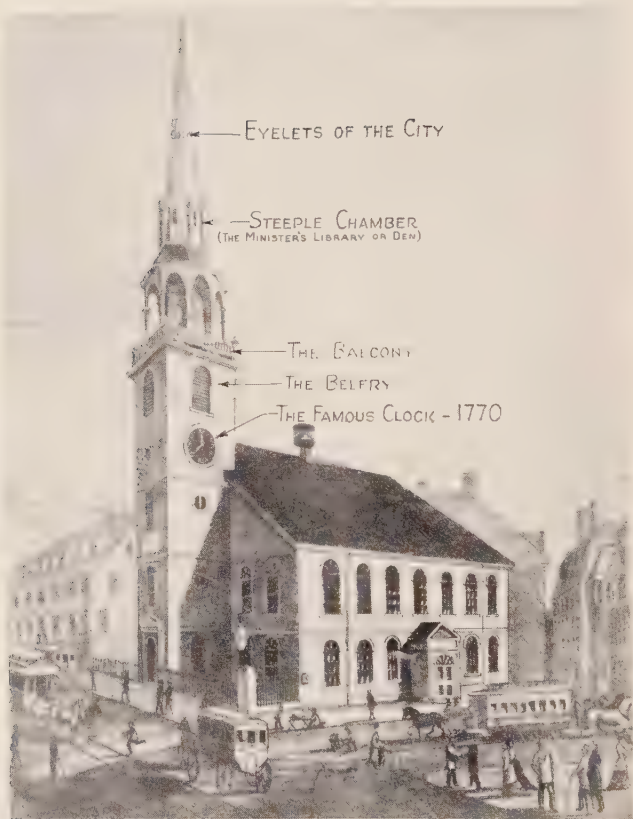
“For lo! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honor thee:
And so I do; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.”

A Knight of Pisa

IN THE BEGINNING

“MR. BLACKSTONE, DWELLING AT THE OTHER SIDE OF CHARLES RIVER, ALONE, TO A PLACE BY THE INDIANS CALLED SHAWMUTT, WHERE HE ONLY HAD A COTTAGE AT OR NOT FAR OFF THE PLACE CALLED BLACKSTONE’S POINT, HE CAME AND ACQUAINTED THE GOVERNOR OF AN EXCELLENT SPRING THERE, WITHAL INVITING HIM AND SOLICITING HIM THITHER. WHEREUPON AFTER THE DEATH OF MR. JOHNSON, AND DIVERS OTHERS, THE GOVERNOR, WITH MR. WILSON AND THE GREATEST PART OF THE CHURCH, REMOVED THITHER. WHITHER ALSO, THE FRAME OF THE GOVERNORS HOUSE WAS CARRIED, WHEN PEOPLE BEGAN TO BUILD THEIR HOUSES AGAINST WINTER AND THIS PLACE WAS CALLED BOSTON.”

From the Records of Charlestown



— EYELETS OF THE CITY

— STEEPLE CHAMBER
(THE MINISTER'S LIBRARY OR DEN)

— THE BALCONY

— THE BELFRY

— THE FAMOUS CLOCK - 1770

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH



FIREMAN KENEeley WINDING THE CLOCK

OLD SOUTH CLOCK MUSES ON PASSING SHOW OF 160 YEARS

Ancient Time Piece in Historic Meeting House has watched, as Spiritual Landmark, Growth in Half a Century of the "Scarlet" Town into a Great City of Cleaner Social and Political Morality—Beneath its Faithful Gaze, Noted Assembly of Patriots Thundered Welcome to Washington—And still it Ticks, Ticks on.

Boston Herald, Sunday, May 31, 1925.

GAWEN BROWN

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND COMMANDER OF THE
CADETS 1780-1781

Gawen Brown was the maker of the Old South clock. His granddaughter was in possession of a statement in his handwriting concerning this clock, which he considered his masterpiece. It is dated in 1756, and says: "My timepiece goes so well that it went twenty-six weeks, and varied only, according to the most accurate observations, about two minutes of time." His shop in 1750 was on State Street occupying the site of the present Merchants Bank building. In 1782 he was living on State Street near Change or Damnation Alley.

See Page 53



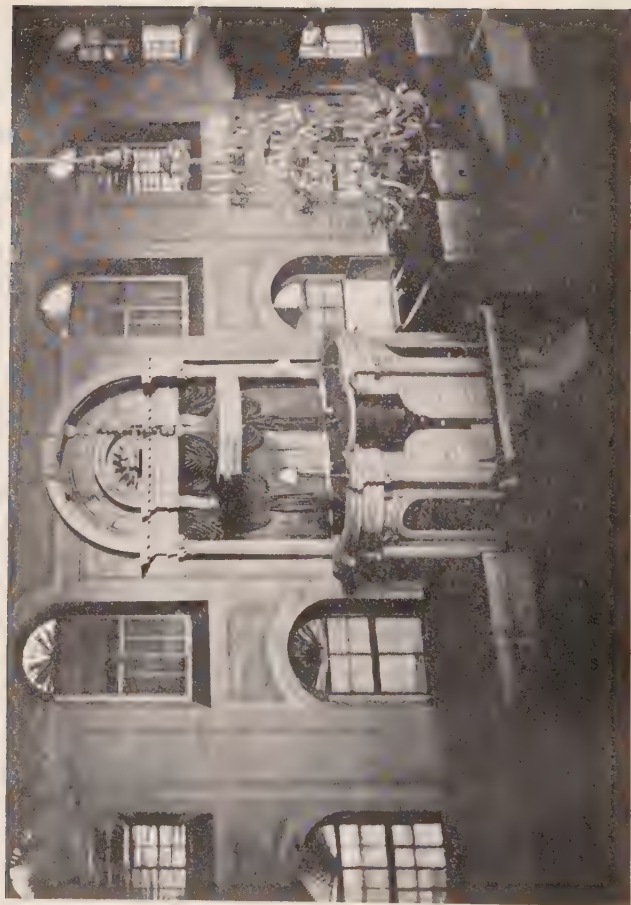
STAIRWAY TO STEEPLE CHAMBER

THE STEEPLE CHAMBER

Next above the balcony is the gem attraction of the Old South Meeting House. Just take your stand on the sidewalk across the street in front of the Transcript office and focus your eyes and your mind on that wonderful chamber (of octagonal dimensions) high up and close to the steeple. Note the eight little windows, each one emblematically a sign of the Cross. Note also the protective overhang above and the graceful drapery at the sides. This piece of architectural delight is known to lovers of the Meeting House as the Steeple Chamber, the sanctum of the Old South ministers. And right here in this same Steeple Chamber, with its comprehensive outlook on present-day Washington Street, the well remembered minister of the meeting house, Dr. Prince, made and kept his notable collection of books and pamphlets. Among these treasures, if you remember, was Governor Bradford's "History of Plimouth Plantation." In after years the manuscript was discovered in England in the Bishop of London's library. After a while it was happily returned to America and is now in safe keeping in the Massachusetts State House on Beacon Hill. Benches of peculiar construction, niches in the frame of the wall and other reminders of an old-time minister's "den" and library (if one were to examine the chamber carefully) may still be discerned or imagined.



OLD SOUTH BALCONIES. SLAVE GALLERY ABOVE



OLD SOUTH INTERIOR (OLD TIME). NOTE THE CHANDELIER





THE MEETING HOUSE ORGAN (OLD TIME)

THE OLD SOUTH ORGAN

Now in Nantucket Church

The pipe organ was brought from England in 1822 at an original cost in London of £1000. In 1859 it was bought for the Nantucket Methodist Episcopal Church by the two Women's Societies of the Church—the Wesleyan and the Aid Society at a cost of \$925. Used continually since, it still retains its original fine tone.



BIRTHPLACE OF FRANKLIN

MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN

Father of Benjamin

Josiah Franklin and his wife Abiah lie here interred
They lived lovingly together in wedlock
fifty-five years, and without an estate or any
gainful employment, by constant labor and
honest industry maintained a large family
comfortably, and brought up thirteen children
and seven grandchildren respectably. From
this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence
in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man;
She a discreet and virtuous woman.

Their Youngest Son

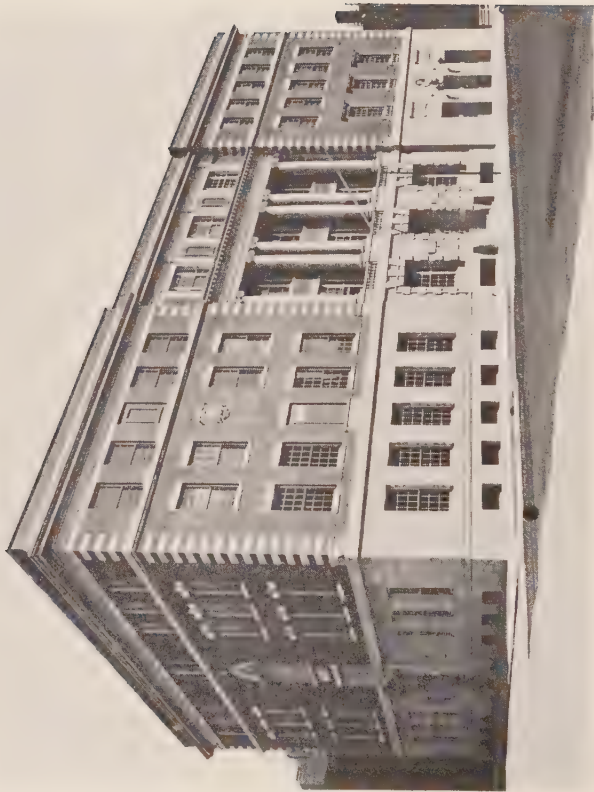
In Filial Regard to their memory places this Stone:

J. F. Born 1655 Died 1744 at 89.

A. F. Born 1667 Died 1752 at 85.

Granary Burial Ground,
Tremont Street.





FRANKLIN UNION, ERECTED 1907-1908

See Page 30



THE PAUL REVERE HOUSE TODAY. NOTE THE FIRE HAZARD





BOHEMIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, ST. LOUIS
GRAY & HUNTER, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000



OLD STATE HOUSE
Note the Lion and the Unicorn

ON THIS SPOT STOOD UNTIL ITS BURNING OCT. 3, 1711,
THE FIRST TOWN HOUSE OF BOSTON,
FOUNDED IN 1657 BY THE LIBERALITY OF CAPT. ROBERT
KEAYNE.

HERE IN 1713 WAS ERECTED THE SECOND TOWN HOUSE,
WHOSE WALLS ENDURE TO THIS DAY, AS DO THE FLOORS
AND ROOF, CONSTRUCTED IN 1747, AFTER A SECOND FIRE
HAD DEVASTATED ITS CHAMBERS.

HERE THE LOYAL ASSEMBLIES OBEYED THE CROWN;
HERE THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY WAS AROUSED AND
GUIDED

BY THE ELOQUENT APPEALS AND SAGACIOUS COUNSELS
OF OTIS, ADAMS, QUINCY, WARREN, CUSHING AND
HANCOCK;

"HERE THE CHILD INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN;"
HERE WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE TRIBUTE OF AN
ENFRANCHISED PEOPLE;

HERE WAS INSTALLED THE GOVERNMENT OF A NEW
STATE;

HERE FOR TEN YEARS OUR CIVIL RULERS ASSEMBLED;
AND HERE,

BY THE VOTE OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF 1881,
HAVE BEEN RECONSTRUCTED, IN THEIR ORIGINAL FORM,
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AND REPRESENTATIVES' HALL.
HALLOWED BY THE MEMORIES OF THE REVOLUTION,
MAY OUR CHILDREN PRESERVE THE SACRED TRUST.



FANEUIL HALL TODAY

FANEUIL HALL

BUILT IN 1742 AND GIVEN TO THE TOWN OF BOSTON

BY

PETER FANEUIL

OF FRENCH HUGUENOT PARENTAGE

THE FIRST STORY USED AS A MARKET

AND THE UPPER STORY AS A TOWN HALL

BURNED IN 1761 AND REBUILT IN 1763 SOMEWHAT

ENLARGED

HERE BOTH BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTION

WERE HELD MANY PATRIOTIC MEETINGS

WHICH KEPT ALIVE AMONG THE PEOPLE THE FIRES OF

FREEDOM

AND STIRRED THEM TO GREATER DEEDS

FROM WHICH FACT THE HALL BECAME KNOWN

AS THE

CRADLE OF LIBERTY

Given to the City of Boston April 1908 by the Massachusetts
Society of Sons of the Revolution

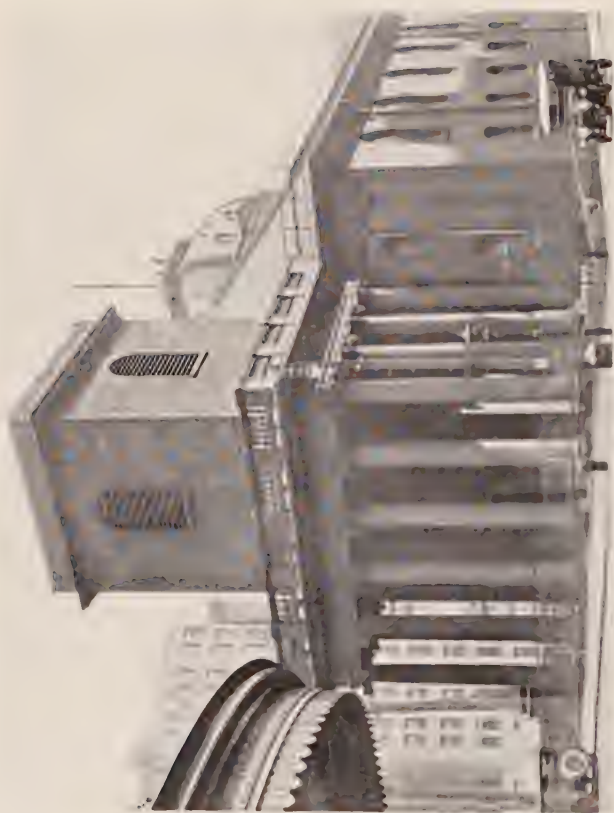


CHRIST CHURCH (OLD NORTH)
Oldest Church in Boston (1723)

OLD NORTH TABLET

The tablet on the tower front bears this familiar legend:—

The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this church April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord.



KING'S CHAPEL TODAY
Note the new railing

KING'S CHAPEL TODAY

In many ways King's Chapel is the most impressively interesting building in historic Boston. It seems to have an atmosphere and a quietness of its own. It is and has been for centuries the church home of families illustrious in the annals of the City. Tablets on the walls, and there are many of them both ancient and modern, are of the most inspiring description. For example:—

ROGER WALCOTT

BORN XIII JULY MDCCCXLVII. DIED XXI DECEMBER
MCM

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS MDCCCXCVIII—MCM
FAITHFUL, GENEROUS CITIZEN

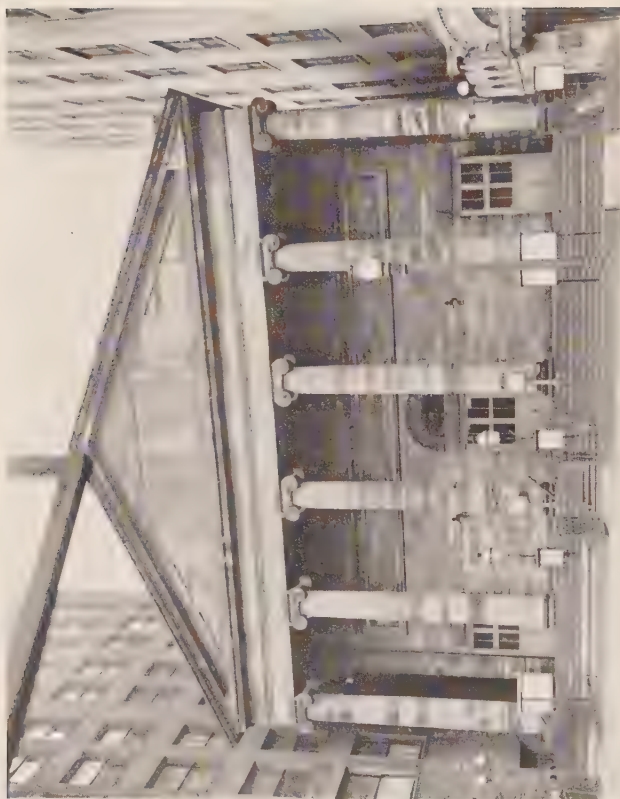
HIGH MINDED PUBLIC SERVANT, WISE, SINCERE, DEVOUT.
A LOVER OF HOME, CHURCH AND COUNTRY.



PARK STREET CHURCH
(1809)

Park Street Church, with its graceful spire, picturesquely finishing the corner of Tremont and Park Streets, dates from 1809. It is notable as the place in which "America" was first publicly sung. Here in 1829 William Lloyd Garrison, then not twenty-four years old, gave his first public address in Boston against slavery.

This church is justly celebrated for its vigorous brand of Christianity, and thus the locality is popularly known as "Brimstone" or the "Hot Corner."



CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL

Below the Temple Place corner on Tremont Street in the heart of the shopping district is the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. This was the fourth Episcopal church in Boston, dating from 1820.

The opportunity of this Church as a City Centre of Religion and Usefulness is taken advantage of in many generous and popular directions. During the summer months the religious hospitality of the Cathedral is a great boon to visitors.



THE LIBERTY TREE

1775

The Tree today is Weatherbeaten

And Neglected

And how about the Setting?

Is it Inspirational?

Shades of '76

Can you see those hideous "Ads"?



THE ANNE HUTCHINSON MONUMENT



THE BEACON HILL SHAFT, ERECTED 1908. ORIGINAL
BEACON POLE, 1634

BEACON POLE MONUMENT
BEACON HILL

A M E R I C A N S

WHEN . FROM . THIS . EMINENCE .
SCENES . OF . LUXURIANT . FERTILITY .
OF . FLOURISHING . COMMERCE .
AND . THE . ABODES . OF . SOCIAL . HAPPINESS .
MEET . YOUR . VIEW .
FORGET . NOT . THOSE .
WHO . BY . THEIR . EXERTIONS .
HAVE . SECURED . TO . YOU .
THESE . BLESSINGS .

In 1634 the General Court Caused
A Beacon
To be Placed on the Top of this Hill.
In 1790 a Brick and Stone Monument
Designed by Charles Bulfinch
Replaced the Beacon
But was removed in 1811
When the Hill was cut Down.
It is now reproduced in Stone
By the Bunker Hill Monument Association
1898



THE HARRISON GRAY OTIS HOUSE (1795)

See Page 73



THOMAS TLIACHER

First Minister of the Old South
 Installed February 16, 1670
 Died October 15, 1678, Aged 58



ANNE POLLARD

Joined the Church June 5, 1670
 Died December 6, 1725, Aged 105
 See Page 65



OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE

See Page 42



GRANARY BURIAL GROUND (1660)

Reprinted from the DAILY EXPRESS

FIRM THAT SOLD THE BOSTON
HARBOUR TEA

STILL TRADING IN LONDON

FOUNDED 1650

The proud boast of Messrs. Davison, Newman & Co.
“Our firm sold the tea that was
thrown into Boston Harbour and
caused the American War of
Independence.”

They, Davison Newman & Co.
started as grocers in the City in
1650. To this day the firm’s origi-
nal sign of a crown and three
sugar loaves hangs outside their
premises, moved now to Cree-
church-lane, but full of relics, full
of tradition.



THE CROWN AND
THREE SUGAR LOAVES

274 YEARS

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

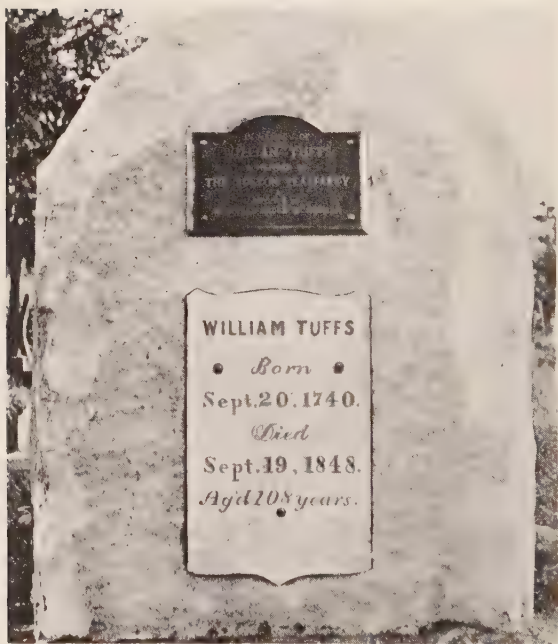
Here formerly stood
Griffin's Wharf
at which Lay Moored on Dec. 16, 1773, Three
British Ships with Cargoes of Tea. To defeat
King George's Trivial but Tyrannical Tax
of Three Cents a Pound, about Ninety
Citizens of Boston, Partly Disguised
as Indians, Boarded the Ships
Threw the Cargoes, Three Hun-
dred and Forty Two Chests
in all, into the Sea
And made the World
Ring with the Patriotic
Exploit of the
Boston Tea Party

"No, Ne'er was Mingled Such a Draught
In Palace, Hall, or Arbor,
As Freemen Brewed and Tyrants Quaffed
That Night in Boston Harbor."

Atlantic Avenue,
Corner of Pearl Street.

TEA PARTY—BUNKER HILL

The Last Survivor



The small marker which appears on the card as attached to the large stone was the original marker over William Tuffs grave in an old cemetery near the town of Bristol about a dozen miles from Elkhart, Indiana.

WILLIAM TUFFS

Born September 20, 1740.

Died September 19, 1848.

Aged 108 Years.

His life was marked by the feats of a Revolutionary character by being present at the Battles of White Plains, Germantown, Lundy's Lane, Monmouth and Bunker Hill and also by being present at the time of throwing overboard the tea at Boston.

William Tuff's told the stories of the above battles, "The Boston Tea Party," The Ride of Paul Revere and the struggles to gain the freedom which we enjoy today.

William Tuff's, a participant of the "Boston Tea Party," thus one of the founders of the Improved Order of Red Men.

Dedicated September 17, 1922,

By the Improved Order of Red Men.

Modoc Tribe No. 111—Elkhart, Indiana.



THE OLD SOUTH PULPIT TODAY

SITE OF
FERRY TO
CHARLESTOWN



CHAPTER I

THE OLD SOUTH

Boston, the hub of New England's intellectual and other activity, is a peculiar and a gifted city. From the beginning it has been a city of ideas, of cosmic propositions, of great social, religious, and political opportunities. Among early American patriots and pioneers it was the privilege of the citizens of Boston to be among the very first, so to speak, on the ground. For this and other reasons Boston and vicinity can claim as part of their noteworthy history the first free school, the first college, the first printing press, the first newspaper, the first Y. M. C. A., the first abolition and prohibition movements; and a famous Boston physician, Dr. Morton, was probably the first in any country to administer ether to a patient. Boston can also boast the first woman doctor, Margaret Jones, whom, by the way, the townspeople in the year 1648 treated outrageously and hanged for a witch,—but that's another story. However, just for a few minutes let us pay a visit to this famed city of opportunity and shake out a little of the romance from the time-honored story of early American heroes and heroines.

To begin with, then, on the corner of Milk and

Washington Streets in the City of Boston stands the Old South Meeting House. With the possible exception of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, this Meeting House is the most notable landmark and reminder of the early American story on the continent. In this building revolutionary inspiration on a large scale first found its voice. The Old South Meeting House is a very substantial structure made of brick. Its sidewalk dimensions, roughly speaking, are, say, 70 by 100 feet. It dates from the year 1729, when it was built to take the place of what was then known as the Old Cedar Meeting House, which was erected in the year 1669 on the site of Governor Winthrop's Garden. Later the property came into the possession of the Norton family and was bequeathed to the Third Congregational or South Society by Mary Norton, then a member of the congregation and the wife of Dr. Norton, for many years a minister of the First Church, from which the South Society was an offshoot. (See Mary Norton's "Last Will and Testament," bequeathing the property known as the Old South Church, in the Old South Collection.) And, by the way, at the west end of the present Meeting House there is a tower and steeple which rise to a height of 183 feet from the sidewalk. Now let us place ourselves inside this building right under the tower and facing the east end, where through an open doorway we can see a spiral stairway up which General

Washington walked in 1776 and looked down from the first balcony on the wreckage left by the British Dragoons and their destructive riding school. Again, to our left, that is, on the north side, there is a very imposing pulpit with a carved mahogany front called the "wine glass," on account of its shape and carving, I suppose, and at the back of this pulpit is that celebrated window through which General Warren of Bunker Hill fame entered from the outside on the occasion when he delivered his famous oration on the Boston Massacre. This and the other windows of the church, some forty in number, retain their original shape and are particularly simple and picturesque in their design.

On three sides of this famous Meeting House there is a commodious balcony, and furthermore, at the east and west ends close up to the ceiling there is a second balcony known as the slaves' gallery (sometimes irreverently described as the original "Nigger Heaven") and used as such for quite a while, I understand, after the Revolution. However, here we are on the inside, standing under the tower and looking at a floor space covered with cases filled with relics and mementos of early American history in general and of the Revolution in particular. Let us now go round the hall and take note of a few of the exhibits. But first the tower itself has an interesting story. Before and during the Revolution the library of Dr. Prince, one of the Old South min-

isters, was, I understand, in the "Steeple Chamber" of this tower, and among other treasures this library contained Governor Bradford's priceless "History of Plimouth Plantation," certainly one of the most precious manuscripts on the continent. This document it was feared had been destroyed by the British soldiers during the siege, but in comparatively recent times it was discovered in the Bishop of London's library in England and after a while it was happily returned to this country and is now in safe keeping in the Massachusetts State House. Talking about the tower and steeple of the Old South reminds me of a story which I took down the other day from one of our visitors. "I come from and have lived for some time at Rangoon, Burmah," said Mr. Jones. "A year or two ago an American visitor in Burmah wanted to do honor to Mr. Adoniram Judson, who was the first missionary out in those regions. So he secured the necessary structural information and has now placed a duplicate of the tower and steeple of the Old South Meeting House on the Baptist College in Rangoon."

Proceeding down the right hand side of the church, we next note our Visitors' Book, which is a very interesting chronicle of people and events relating to early American history from an almost endless number of towns and cities in America as well as from nearly every other country in the world. Both from the historical

and personal points of view some of the entries in this book are particularly interesting.

A. J. Sterling: Bridgeport, Conn.

"I am 85 years old—my grandfather, not my great-grandfather, mind you, fought seven years in the Revolutionary war and made his own sword."

L. D. Adams: Brockton, Mass.

"My husband is a direct descendant of Crocker Sampson of Kingston, Mass. who served seven years in the Revolutionary War. I have in my possession Crocker Sampson's certificate of membership in The Society of the Cincinnati, signed by George Washington and Henry Knox. I have also the identical colonial script or bills which he received for his patriotic service. These notes are still uncut from the original sheets. Mr. Sampson also received a grant of land in Ohio—Incidentally, I may say, this colonial money was of little or no value and the land in Ohio has not yet been located."

J. Irving Reichner: Philadelphia, Pa.

"A direct descendant of Major John Fenwick who under command of Oliver Cromwell kept order at the execution of Charles I. Major Fenwick came to America and founded Salem, N.J. in 1675. Lady Fenwick and others are buried at Saybrook, Conn., just about—in fact, on the same farm—where Yale University had its beginnings."

H. W. Sewall: Medfield, Mass.

Whose great-great-grandfather was a Minister of the Old South and his father was Judge Sewall of the Old South and Salem Witch trial fame.

Later I told the story to another visitor and this was his reply:

"Isn't it strange how people come together after two or three hundred years! Did Miss Sewall register?"

"She did," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I will also. My name is Chamberlin. I was born in Cambridge on Brattle Street—you can look up my ancestry if you care to go to the trouble. I am a direct descendant of one of those Salem witches."

But the story is not yet finished. Some time later a lady from Chicago heard me speaking about the Sewalls and afterwards she came up to me and said, "I think I can give you another story to add to yours. My name is Katherine Adams Wells from Chicago. I am a direct descendant of Governor Phipps who put a stop to all that witchcraft nonsense."

And here is a final record that seems to come humming down the centuries:—

"My name is W. W. Ransom. My ancestor W. W. Ransom was discharged from the Revolutionary Army at Philadelphia in the year 1777. His son W. W. Ransom was discharged from the army at Sackett Harbor, N.Y. in 1812 after that war. His son W. W. Ransom was discharged from the army at Fortress Monroe in 1865 after the Civil War. His son W. W. Ransom was discharged from the army at Philadelphia in 1898 after the Spanish American War. His son W. W. Ransom and two brothers were discharged from the army in the year 1919 after the world war. Now," continued the old gentleman, "I am mighty glad to visit New England and the Old South Meeting House and to see for myself the hallowed places where so many of our old folks, in the olden times, started in business."

Right alongside this Visitors' Book is a large bronze tablet with the following inscription:—

1851

1901

At the end of fifty years of service to young men,
 This tablet is placed to
 Commemorate the Organization
 of the first
 Young Men's Christian Association
 In the United States
 In the Chapel of this Building
 December 29th, 1851

*Teneo**et**Teneor*

Then again in a case within a few feet of the Visitors' Book we find the autographs of the celebrated American "Army of Two" in the War of 1812. The famous story as well as the autographs of the heroines are displayed in Case No. 12, as follows:—

WAR OF 1812

"During the war of 1812 the harbor of Scituate, Mass. was entered by two British barges greatly to the terror of the inhabitants. There was no man of war to protect them nor any soldiers. Before the British barges reached the harbor they were seen from the lighthouse by two brave girls, Rebecca and Abigail Bates who gave the alarm to the village. The inhabitants not strong enough to oppose the British hastened to hide their property. There were two large vessels laden with flour lying in the harbor and towards these the British went. The girls from the lighthouse saw the proceedings and thought something should be done, so Rebecca seized a fife and Abigail a drum and walk-

ing down the beach in the direction of Boston got behind the sand hills out of sight of the British and then, turning round marched toward Scituate fifeing and drumming for dear life. The British heard the music, and without a minute delay, turned right round and went to sea again."

AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO

"Abbie, the Drummer, one of the American army of two in the war of 1812, drove from our shore two British barges, saved two vessels laden with flour from capture and crew from prison with Drum and Fife.

(Signed) ABBIE BATES aged 82
Born in 1777—
Scituate Harbor, Mass."

"Rebecca W. Bates—Born 1793 Aged 86.

One of the American army of two in the war of 1812 who with her sister aged fifteen years saved two large vessels laden with flour and the crew from imprisonment with Fife and Drum, from being taken by the British off Scituate Harbor, Mass.

(Signed) REBECCA THE FIFER."

Again, also in Case No. 12, we find ourselves looking at a sort of a map or ground plan of the Old South in the year 1730, that is, the year after it was erected. Here you have a picture of the old time "Pues on Ye Lower Flore in Ye Metting House A.D. 1730" with the names of the original occupants or owners. (You will find a copy of this interesting diagram in one of the Old South Leaflets, No. 202.) And by the way,

the Old South Leaflet Library gives this Revolutionary history in a very convenient form and these Leaflets are extensively used by teachers all over the country. Some of the old-time names to be found among the first pew owners of the Old South are as follows:—

Franklin	Oliver	Lewis	Clark
Prince	Cushing	Pemberton	Stoddard
Wells	Fitch	Winslow	Sewell
Thacher	Elliot	Loring	Davis
Marshall	Savage	Osborn	Mason

and so forth.

And talking about “disarmament” for a second, I am reminded that disputes are not always started in this world simply from the possession of battleships and airplanes. In the early days there were no end of contentions and squabbling about pews and there seems to have been quite a bitter rivalry between families for the choice of location, which scramble, I understand, is not particularly noticeable today. Again, in the next case to our left there is a curious reminder of an ever-present problem in an old form. It is an official passport into the country for all manner of newcomers. It reads as follows:—

“Boston, Aug. ye 13, 1776.

“These certify that Ebenezer Stimpson has been so smoked and cleansed that in our opinion he may now be permitted to pass into the country without Danger of communicating the Small Pox to anyone.

(Signed)

JOHN SCOLLAY
NATHANIAL APPLETON
Selectmen of Boston.”

Within a few feet of this old-fashioned passport we have a very fine photograph of Mrs. Mary (Young) Pickersgill of Baltimore, Maryland, who at the direction of Colonel Armistead then commanding at Fort Henry in 1814 made the Star Spangled Banner which floated over Fort McHenry and inspired Francis S. Key to write the National Anthem. And come to think of it, under date July 28, 1921, in our Visitors' Book, we find the following entry:—

"Celeste Ely of Baltimore, Maryland, Great-niece and Lois C. Carswell great-grand niece of Mary (Young) Pickersgill of Star Spangled Banner fame."

Another exhibit near by (Case No. 11) is of a social character. It is an elaborate "Bill of Fare" for a church "Entertainment" of some kind under the following headlines:—

1776		1876
	Ye	
Olde Tyme		Partie
	in	
Ye Big Brick Painted Baptist		
Meeting House		
In Ye Olde Town of Charlestown		

"Biled Indian Pudding," "Biled Pot Garden Sass," and "Biled Doughnuts" seem to have been the outstanding dishes; and here and there on the document there is some quaint and curious information such as:

"Big men are expected to eat at least fifty pennies worth—if this is beyond their capacity they are requested to leave the scraps in the little baskets at the door."

"Nabor Zodiga Turner will bee there to see that nobodye yields to more levitye than is becomminge and to see that no one takes more Baked Beans than is consistante with these Fashionable Tymes."

"Greate-Greate-Grande Mother Bates who scared ye British out of Ye Scituate Harboure in ye War of 1812 will play ye fife."

"Ye Worldleye Amusements"

"Will begin with some sacred tunes and some worldly songs with some more pastimes at which ye companie may prudently smile."

In fact, every exhibit on this side of the Meeting House fairly hums with historical interest such as:—

The longest word in Eliot's Indian Bible

WUTAPPESITTUKQUSSUNNOOKWEHTUNKQUOH

Mark 1:40—"Kneeling down to Him"

Then again, some of the emblems and mottoes on the old-time currency are very interesting. Evidently the early colonists were in doubt, and so was Theodore Roosevelt, as to the good taste applied to the currency of the 1776 motto, "Speramus in Te Domine." So in Case No. 16 of the Old South Collection we find numerous substitutes or propositions for a change, such as "Perennis," "Perseverando," "Serenabit," and then, finally, under the old-fashioned sun dial (time flies) the most sensible advice of all in relation to money matters, namely, "*Mind Your Business.*"

And here is a pretty kettle of fish about swearing:—

EDITORIAL ON SWEARING

from the *Massachusetts Spy* or *Worcester Gazette*
January 22, 1784

The custom or habit which I shall take notice of at this time is the habit of cursing and swearing. Few habits are more strong, and as it creeps upon a man gradually, it may not be improper here to point out its progress which I make to be the following:

- (1) On my word begat on my Honour and on My Honour begat *By Gad*.
- (2) By Gad begat By G-d, By G-d, begat By the Lord, and By the Lord begat By Jasus who was born in Ireland &c., &c., &c.

From the above accounts of the generations of oaths and curses it is plain that if a man begins with the least he may, in time, imperceptibly arrive at the greatest, therefore let every man who has acquired a habit of cursing and swearing inspect the above table and see how far he is advanced. By this he may trace back his degeneracy and recover his former purity of speech. . . .

Whether the army and navy cursing and swearing should be abolished entirely I am not able to determine. However, no advice can be better than Shakespeare's Hamlet gives his Mother and which I shall conclude with

. . . "Refrain tonight
And that shall lend a Kind of Easiness
To the next abstinence."

From Old South Collection, Case No. 17.

Again in Case No. 11 there is an old "Bill of Goods" made out in 1777 by Messrs. Blasdell

Morrill and King to *Thomas Cushing of Boston* who as a member of the "Committee of Correspondence" ordered the construction of the first ship of war built in America. Of course it is interesting to know about this ship of war, but the Committee of Correspondence referred to was one of the most notable achievements in the story of the Revolution. This strange instrument of government was created on the suggestion of Samuel Adams when Massachusetts was at fever heat in its controversies with Governor Hutchinson and his royal master. It was really a new legislative body whose transactions, of the most practical nature, were conducted by correspondence between the representatives of the people from every nook and corner of Massachusetts. These Committees of Correspondence have been aptly called "the beginning of the American Union."

OLD GRANARY BURIAL GROUND (1660)

THOMAS CUSHING

Lieut. Gov. of Mass.

Died 19 Jan. 1783

Aged 63 Years

He Took An Active Part
in theRevolutionary Conflict
And Was Several Years
Speaker ofThe House of Representatives
of Mass.Until he became a Member
of the Continental Congress
in the Year 1774 and 5.

Another exhibit of great historical and human interest in Case No. 2 is a chaplet of oak leaves from the famous Charter Oak at Hartford, Connecticut. The story of the Connecticut Charter and its mysterious disappearance, of the tyranny of Sir Edmund Andros, of the execution of Charles the First and the romantic adventures of the regicides at New Haven, Milford, and Hadley, together with the strange relationship between the planting of the Indians' corn and the growth of the foliage of the tree in the spring-time,—these incidents are all part and parcel, directly or indirectly, of its romantic story. The exhibit to which I refer carries the following note:—

“Picked from the tree and presented to the owner by the Keeper of the grounds the next morning after it fell in Sept. 1856.”

Furthermore, with the story of the Charter Oak in our minds we must not forget to consider carefully and reverently the notable portrait of Oliver Cromwell on the wall alongside. There can be no mistake about Cromwell's relationship to freedom and the Old South. The historian, John Fiske, tells us that "the moment of Cromwell's triumph was the most critical moment in history" and that "as the Seventeenth Century recedes into the past, the figure of English Oliver begins to loom up as perhaps the foremost man of all this world."

VISITORS' BOOK

Ralph Goddard Cleveland: Uxbridge, Mass.

"Direct descendant of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island and also descendant of Oliver Cromwell."

Turning now to the right and looking out of a window, we see on the wall of the building on the other side of the street a bust of Benjamin Franklin, marking his birthplace. The date of his birth was January 17, 1706. As nearly as can be figured out, he was born at the noon hour and baptized a little later on the same day in this Old South Church, that is to say, in the first (Cedar) Meeting House. There is a picture of the Old Franklin House on exhibition. It was called the "Blue Ball," and this famous mansion was destroyed by fire in the year 1810. But going back to the year 1758, we are told that burglars

got into the building and created no end of trouble on Christmas Day, so much so that the town fathers were annoyed about it. It was claimed that Boston people in those days did nothing on Christmas Day but go up on the Common to get tipsy. So they looked up an old-time law on the subject to see what could be done about it. This old Blue Law reads or read substantially as follows:—

“On account of frequent burglaries on Christmas Day which is a superstitious festival introduced from the Old Country, it is hereby enacted that for the future any Bostonian caught celebrating Christmas in any way will be fined five shillings for each and every offense.”

Ben Franklin, however, seems to have been living even as a youth altogether outside of the Blue Law atmosphere. When the family removed from Milk Street down to Hanover, an interesting story is told that is illustrative of Ben's attitude of mind towards Blue Laws and the religious convention of the day. As the story comes down to us, it seems Mr. Franklin, Senior, to celebrate his arrival at the Hanover Street home, put up a barrel of beef for the winter. In modern phraseology young Franklin's exclamation addressed to his father on seeing the barrel was something like this:—

“Don't you think it would be a pretty good idea to say Grace once for all on that barrel, instead of every time you put a piece of the beef on the table?”

As a matter of fact, Ben Franklin's philosophy of life and sometimes his personal hobbies frequently carried him into strange situations from which he invariably extricated himself with a sort of graceful propriety—for instance: As a boy he determined to confine himself to a vegetable diet. He seems to have gone along quite nicely until he left Boston and set out on his travels. As it happened, he was fishing one day with a few companions, that is to say, the companions were fishing and he was scolding them for their cruelty. However, they seem to have had very poor luck, and toward evening they all, including Franklin, became desperately hungry. Finally, a codfish was landed and in due course, cooked, and while his companions were enjoying themselves the ravenous Franklin simply looked on. He stood it as long as he could, and then, as he relates in his *Autobiography*: "My mind began to work and I remembered I had seen two or three little fishes in the inside of the Cod when it was being cleaned; so I said to myself, 'Hello! Mr. Codfish, you can eat little fishes, can you? If you can, I can eat you!'" And then, of course, followed a hearty meal. As a sort of apology to his broken resolutions Franklin closed the account of this incident with the following philosophy: "We are reasonable creatures and isn't it wonderful how reason seems to come to the rescue when we want anything!"

But these are merely trifling notes by the way

at the beginning of Franklin's life story. Later, as we all know, he became more truly a citizen of the world than any other American of his time. But I for one am inclined to emphasize and to rate his work for humanity in general above all other features of his personal philosophy and public service. Man's inhumanity to man from first to last, all over the world and definitely right here in America, was the burden of his life-long complaint. The whippings he himself received periodically during his boyhood from his own brother gave a personal edge to this complaint. And besides, during the period of his boyhood in Boston he must have been a constant eye witness of the cruelties inflicted, for the most part on innocent people, by brutal laws and no less brutal religious fanaticism. In order to give Benjamin Franklin his due share of praise as the philosopher and preacher of a new social conscience and an absolutely better order of human relationships which resulted to a great extent in abolishing personal barbarisms in America, I feel obliged to give quotations taken at random from the Boston police records of Franklin's and the preceding generation.

1657.

Christopher Holden and John Copeland, Quakers, were whipped through town with knotted cords with all the strength the hangman could command. The prisoners were gagged with a stick in the mouth to prevent their outcries.

1692.

Giles Corey was pressed to death (Salem) for being a wizard.

1725.

A lad aged seventeen years, for a minor offence was sentenced "to be whipped 39 stripes at the cart tail, 13 at the gallows, 13 at the head of Summer st., 13 below the Townhouse and be committed to Bridewell six months."

Such was "man's inhumanity to man" in New England during Franklin's boyhood and the preceding generation. No wonder in the distress of his soul he wrote to a friend, "O, that men would cease being wolves to each other and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity."

Dwelling for yet another minute on this splendid phase of Franklin's life-work, I call to mind one of his own famous and pithy stories to be found in a letter to Joseph Priestley, June 7, 1782:—

"In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much

eagerness dealing round to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said: 'You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to earth, and you have brought me into hell!' 'No, sir,' says the guide, 'I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.'"

For the rest it will certainly do us no harm to refresh our memories with a few of Franklin's celebrated "lessons for young and old":—

"Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them."

"If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some!"

"Many are ruined by buying bargains."

"Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee."

"Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge."

"Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement."—*Benjamin Franklin's report of an aged man's talk to his complaining neighbors.*

And by the way, I think I am inside the mark when I say that a majority of Old South visitors from Philadelphia possess some kind of inside information that Benjamin Franklin was born in the Quaker City.

"Ben Franklin born in Boston!" exclaimed one of these doubters the other day. "Of course I knew he was born, but I wasn't quite sure of the place!"

Turning from these matters of national import to the smaller affairs of life and living we now come to a small hide-covered trunk which we find in a sort of niche at the end of the building. This is what you may call a receptacle for clothing in its original form. In England today people put their clothing in a "box"; in America we put them in a trunk. But when the first settlers came to this country and wanted a box for their clothing, they went out into the woods, cut a section from the trunk of a tree, scooped it out, put a lid over it, and called it a "trunk"; and that is the derivation of the word. Right alongside the trunk, there is also an old-time cradle which belonged to one of the Tea Party heroes. And this reminds us of the fact that these ancient cradles were great squeakers. In the Old Country, according to reports, the cradle squeak puts children to sleep; in this country, it is said to keep them awake. So there must be a difference in children. However, this view of the matter doesn't seem to fit in with the commercial value of cradle squeaks in the days of Peter Cooper of Cooper Institute fame, who tells us in his Autobiography that the first successful invention he placed on the market when he was a young man was an artificial squeak for a cradle. It seems inconceivable, however, even in

America, that Mr. Cooper could have made money on a contrivance for keeping children awake.

Next to be noticed at this end of the church is an original copy of "America" written and signed by the author, Dr. Smith. The date of the writing is 1832. And the document itself as an exhibit calls to mind the not altogether pleasant memory of the building's narrow escape from destruction. In 1874, the South Church congregation removed to and occupied a new church in Copley Square, which is now familiarly known as the "New Old South." Thereafter, in 1876, the Meeting House was sold at auction, practically to the wreckers, for \$1,350, with a provision that it should be torn down and removed within sixty days. Then the women of the State got busy and raised the sum of \$400,000 and bought the land and the building together. During the financial campaign connected with this work, a fair was held in the Meeting House which netted some \$36,000. Quite a large sum was realized from the sale of original compositions and signatures of the leading women and men of the day, and in this way the Meeting House collection secured Dr. Smith's personal copy of "America." Near by on the wall is the original mortgage for \$225,000, which was finally cancelled in the year 1916.

Passing now to the east end of the Meeting House and up the spiral stairway a step or two,

we notice on the wall a large oil painting of a very remarkable character, which calls for a little explanation. In the year 1686 when the Royal Governor Andros came over from England he immediately called a meeting of the ministers in the Old State House on Washington Street and tried to arrange for church room for the Episcopalians. But the Puritan ministers of the day seem to have been unanimous against anything of the kind. At any rate, Sir Andros replied somewhat as follows: "I am Governor and I will take the Old South Meeting House and when we get thro with our service on Sunday probably about 1 P.M., the regular congregation can take its turn." But as it happened on the following Sunday the Episcopalians kept possession until two o'clock or later, while the Puritan congregation remained outside on the sidewalk on Marlboro, or Washington, Street kicking their heels and fighting mad. This is the scene depicted by the artist on the canvas. On the right, Governor Andros is seen entering the building, followed by his clergyman and a string of cavaliers, and on the left hand side of the picture stand groups of Puritans in defiant and angry mood, abundantly called for, no doubt, by the circumstances. A short time ago after I had explained the historic occasion to a group of visitors a lady replied, "Well, seeing that I am an Episcopalian myself, I look on that picture with mingled emotions!" "Mingled emotions," as

they say, is good, and that reminds me that a few days later in running over the same story at the same place an old gentleman said to me: "Emotion! Why yes, emotion cuts quite a figure sometimes, does it not? In fact, once upon a time there seems to have been considerable of it in our family. You see, my name is Gridley, and we are Boston people. In Revolutionary times, the Gridleys were quite busy religiously and otherwise. One of the original Gridley settlers was a particular friend and ardent supporter of Anne Hutchinson, so much so, indeed, that he became a marked man, and was finally arrested for heresy. Some of the proceedings in those days look to us very much like lynch law. At any rate, my ancestor was forthwith deprived of his gun and driven out into the wilderness. Under these strenuous circumstances, my ancestor had three sons. The first was named 'Repent,' and second 'Believe,' and the third 'Tremble.' I," said Mr. Gridley, with considerable emotion, "am descended from 'Tremble.'" This custom of driving so called "heretics" out into the wilderness seems to have been a popular pastime in the early days. In the Boston police records dated 1659 we read as follows:—

"Peter Pearson, Judith Brown and George Wilson for religious reasons were whipped thro the town to the Wilderness, tied to a carttail the executioner having prepared a cruel instrument wherewith to tear their flesh."

THE OLD GRANARY BURIAL GROUND

—Jerome Gridley—

1701–1767

Father of the Boston Bar

Provincial Grand Master

of

Masons in North America

1755–1767

Attorney-General

Learned Jurist

Public spirited Citizen

This Monument
was erected to his memory
by the
Most Worshipful Grand Lodge
of
Ancient Free and Accepted Masons
in
Massachusetts
and
Dedicated by Most Worshipful
Melvin Maynard Johnson
Grand Master
May 11—1916

And by the way, what an interesting book might be written on the history and psychology of these distinctly historical names! Repent, Believe, Tremble—three Puritan battle cries. Interpretation is unnecessary. Every name is a purpose and a prayer. And what splendid significance there was, to be sure, in the old-time naming of children! Take the Old South orators and heroes, for example—Benjamin, Joseph,

Samuel, James, and John—Franklin, Warren, Adams, Otis, and Hancock—measuring the peril and the service, may we not say?—Master Americans every one of them!

At the foot of the staircase at the east end of the building in one of the cases is a curious old Bible which merits a word in passing. Judge Denny was the owner, and the date on the volume is 1805. Mr. Denny was certainly something of a student, with the figuring out of strange dates and totals as a side hobby. On a flyleaf of this Bible, after a little summary of the evidence on the subject, he figured out the exact date of the creation of the world to be 5779 years, 6 months, 10 days back from 1805, and on top of this interesting information he proceeded to count the number of books, chapters, verses, words, and letters in the Old Testament, the letters, for example, totalling 2,740,000. He then figured out the totals for the New Testament in the same way. Dear Judge Denny! What a delightful, persistent, and ingrained lover of our much-neglected Bible you must have been! Yours truly—The Twentieth Century. And referring to the Bibles in the Old South collection, one may well pause for a minute to consider the tremendous significance of the popular discovery of the volume in the fifteenth century. Without doubt this was the primary and the greatest event in the English story of religious and political freedom.

"So far as the English nation was concerned," wrote the historian Green, "no history, no romance, hardly any poetry existed in the English tongue when the Bible was first ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered round Bonners Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature."

And out of this same Bible, let us remember, with the passing of the years, came that bold spirit of inquiry which launched the Puritan on his momentous campaign and led and is still leading the way to liberty and enlightenment all over the world. But, alas, the average American on the street today never dreams of associating the Bible with the Battle of Bunker Hill!

"A noble book! All men's book! It is our first and oldest statement of the never ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation."

What Thomas Carlyle had to say about the book of Job is intensely true of the Book as a whole, and the Old South Meeting House in Boston is a reminder of this spirit and of these memories.

But apart from its religious memories the Old South Meeting House is particularly rich in romantic and adventurous material, and this material is extremely useful in teaching those lessons

of industry, courage, and patriotism without which, of course, the history of any country is a dull and unprofitable narrative. History, after all, is nothing but recorded experience; and experience, put to high and profitable uses, is simply civilization aiming at higher levels. We must also remember that history, correctly interpreted, is not merely a record of great events in the military and political world, but a sort of barometer of ideas and ideals, a diary of the manners and customs as well as of the literary and religious progress of the people. In emphasizing this conception of historical values, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and the poet Longfellow, among others, were particularly happy in the use of romantic material. Consequently, we find the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the antics of Falstaff, and the adventures of Dogberry and his famous town guard to be of real historical value. In the same way "The Ride of Paul Revere" has probably done more to direct attention to early American history and the struggles of the colonists than whole volumes of matter-of-fact narrative and statistics. By all means, then, let us get an outline of the early settlements on American soil into our heads, in Virginia, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the different expansions that followed, together with the names of ever famous pilots and pioneers who blazed the way up and down and across the continent. But above all things,

as we proceed with our story of the Old South, let us keep our attention fixed on the signal lights in the belfries of the past and watch for the lessons. Initiative, energy, adventure, leadership—these personal qualities, conspicuous signals in the old-time belfries are today the red blood of our hopes for the future. Believe me, there was no such place as Easy Street for young or old in New England, for example, when George Washington, Henry Knox, Paul Revere, Joseph Warren, James Otis, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams were making American history in terms of pluck, devotion, and sacrifice. Today we need the spirit of these men, yes, and of Theodore Roosevelt, in every community, to interpret the significance of muscle, grit, and character in the destiny of this great republic.

For the rest I think the guide-books to historic buildings like the Old South should be written to quite an extent in story form. They should be written with the idea of making the shrines of America popular and historically entertaining. In fact, every historic structure in Boston should be made cheerful and interesting in the same way, and for this purpose the Old South Meeting House, the Old State House on Washington Street, and the present State House on Beacon Hill are veritable fairylands of entertainment.

Will teachers and pupils please take notice?

ORIGIN OF THE FRANKLIN UNION

In 1791 Benjamin Franklin left a bequest of \$5000 to the Town of Boston, the Principal and Interest of this Bequest provided in 1908 \$450,000 building and equipment. A maintenance Fund of \$400,000 was donated by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The City of Boston provided the site for the Building. Franklin Union is under the sole care of a Board consisting of the Mayor, three Ministers (by the terms of Franklin's will) and Eight "virtuous and benevolent citizens" appointed by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

A TRADE SCHOOL

"He that hath a Trade hath an Estate."

Berkeley Street,
corner Appleton.

**EVENING
CLASSES**

**THE COUNTRY
WEEK**

**CHRISTMAS
FESTIVAL**

**EMPLOYMENT
DEPARTMENT**

**VOCATIONAL
GUIDANCE**

**MENDELSSOHN
SINGERS**

**THE UNION
ORCHESTRA**

LECTURES

LIBRARY

**THE
CENTRAL IDEA
COMRADESHIP
CITIZENSHIP
CHARACTER
BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN
UNION**

**PARK STREET
CLUB**

**BOYLSTON
CHESS CLUB**

**ENTERTAIN-
MENTS**

**ROUND
TABLES**

**HOSTESS
ROOM**

**CAMERA
CLUB**

GYMNASIUM

INTERMISSION

ABOUT YOUNG AMERICA

The Old South is particularly interested in young people, and young people are very much interested in the Old South. Once upon a time a group of Jewish girls from the North End of Boston attended a course of lectures in the Meeting House. At the conclusion of one of these lectures, as the story was passed around, a representative of the group informed the Meeting House authorities that they, the girls, were unable to find a portrait of Abraham Lincoln in the building, and they wished to know if the Association would accept one for display in the church as a token of their esteem and gratitude. Consequently at the southeast corner of the church today there hangs a very fine portrait of the martyr President, bearing the following inscription:—

Presented to the
Old South
By the Jerusalem Stars
Of the North End Union
—1905—

During the summer of 1922 an Italian, unable as yet to express himself distinctly in the English language, brought his little daughter into

the Meeting House by the direction, as he informed me, of the child's school-teacher. The man explained to me as best he could that his daughter wanted to get a little inspiration from the Old South and its early history. And the little girl, prompted by her teacher, no doubt, explained to me in a very simple and childlike way the exact nature of her mission. Above all things she was interested in the men and the women of the Revolution. She would like to see some of their faces, their portraits—who, for example, is this, and that, and the other old gentleman on the wall yonder in the corner? And her curiosity in regard to one and all of these Old South portraits seemed to be focused into a simple and specific inquiry repeated again and again, "What did *he* do to help his country?"

This class of Young Americans, "just over," as it were, have the old-time worshipful spirit. In this respect they are in line with the children of the older and the oldest Colonial families who come into the Old South Meeting House today reverently, sometimes on tiptoe. Young America in the bulk, however, so far as visitors to the Old South are concerned, never tiptoe to anything or anybody. They may be teachable, of course, but the worshipful instinct seems to be lacking. They are clever, self-possessed, and respectful, but alas, the youngest among them is already a "grown-up." And strange to say, American parents only too often take no end of pride in their

“grown-up” children. They do not seem to understand, if indeed they ever knew, that the shortening of childhood is an outstanding menace to the national life. They should read John Fiske’s notable essay on “The Meaning of Infancy.” From this it appears that it was through the lengthening and not through the shortening of his infancy that the highest of animals came to be man,—a creature with definite social relationships,—and that “with our half-human forefathers it is not difficult to see how infancy extending over several years must have tended gradually to strengthen the relations of the children to the mother and eventually to both parents and thus give rise to the permanent organization of the family.” But in America today, with the evidence on every hand and with the same reasoning applied to the situation, it is surely not difficult to understand how infancy extending over a constantly diminishing number of years must be tending gradually to weaken the relations of the children to the parents, thus giving rise to a *disorganization* of the family life and the American home. The bird known as the flycatcher no sooner breaks the egg than it will snap at and catch a fly. The fledgling is all ready for the business of life at its birth. Is human progress now hurrying its child life in this direction? Furthermore, is the shortening of childhood in America an economic necessity, or is it simply the hurry, the greed, and the pride

of a reckless civilization? The twentieth century, the eclipse of the home, almost everybody to blame, even the mothers, with a multiplicity of outside interests, giving aid and encouragement to the scattering process—such is the regrettable story. And to think of the raw material of the present generation of Americans—such splendid boys and girls! O, Young America!

VISITORS' BOOK

Esther Millet: Reading, Mass.

"Jr. President New Boston Society, C. A. R."

Pauline Putnam: Marietta, Ohio.

"Straight down the line from General Putnam."

Florence Webb: Summit, N.J.

"Fourteen of my ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War."

James A. Pool: Springfield, Mass.

"I am eight years old. My ancestors on both sides fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

Clarence C. Fisher: Bellingham, Washington.

Mary F. Appleton Chipman: Woonsocket, R.I.

"We are great grandchildren of George Washington Appleton who was one of triplets baptized in the Old South Meeting House in the year 1788 and the names of the triplets were George Washington Appleton, John Knox Appleton and Joseph Warren Appleton."

THE WISHING STONE

The famous Wishing Stone on Boston Common was situated just about where the path from Joy Street runs to the Great Tree and was near the Beacon Street Mall. Its name implies the use to which it was formerly put. It has long since disappeared. The young folks of by-gone days used to walk nine times around this stone, and then, standing or sitting upon it, silently make their wishes, which, in their opinion, were sure to come to pass if the mystic rites were properly performed.

NOTE ON MOTHER GOOSE

Elizabeth Foster, known in the literature of the nursery as Mother Goose, was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693. Became a member of Old South Church in 1694. She died in 1757 and was buried in the Old Granary Burial Ground on Tremont Street (at any rate, the Goose family tomb is there). She was of a wealthy Boston family. Her eldest daughter married Thomas Fleet, an enterprising printer doing business on Pudding Lane, now Devonshire Street, Boston. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Goose made her home with this daughter. When their first child was born, Grandmother Goose was much delighted, and spent much of her time in singing songs and ditties of her own composing to please

the baby. This became such an annoyance to Mr. Fleet, who loved quiet, that he remonstrated, coaxed, and scolded, all in vain. As he could not silence the old lady, he resolved to turn the annoyance to some good account, so he gathered up the ditties and nonsensical jingles and published them under the title, "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for the Children."

CLOCK IN FANEUIL HALL
PRESENTED TO THE CITY
BY THE
CHILDREN OF BOSTON
JANUARY 1850

CHAPTER III

FOUNDATIONS OF A CITY

SHE SAYS TO ME, SAYS ANN

We hail from Boston; so last spring I says to Ann,
says I:

"I can't stan' not to see the place once more afore I
die."

An' she says, "Go, an' see 't for both; an' lay up
all ye can

To tell me when ye're here again," she says to me,
says Ann. . . .

I wasn't gone no great 'f a spell. I come back with
a sigh:

"Dear Soul, there ain't no Boston left!" I says to
Ann, says I.

"Don't tell me so! Another fire?" she says to me,
says Ann.

"No, wus," I says; "the city's fell into the hands o'
man.

They've filled it up and built it up. They've torn and
digged it down.

'Tain't hardly more, forever more, than any other
Town!"

Boston Transcript
June 19, 1876.

In Case No. 1.

At this point we come to one of the most interesting historical exhibits in the Meeting House—or in the city, for that matter. It is located in the northeast corner of the building.

It is a model of the City of Boston just as it was and appeared in the year 1775, before any part of the city had been filled in and when practically it was an island. Here we have the streets, the water front, and the historic Boston Common, some forty-two acres in extent, in all their original simplicity, together with houses, churches, and other notable structures, made of wood, the whole being the conception and work of a Roxbury lady, Miss Annie Haven Thwing, a distinguished historian and writer on Boston streets and landmarks. Now in order to get an interesting story from this model town it is not necessary to be posted on the geography or topography of Boston either at present or in the past. Taking the Old South Meeting House as our starting-point, the model is simply a face-to-face study of early American history in terms of houses, streets, and churches together with the significant happenings with which they were associated. Here, for instance, on the south side of the Meeting House is Milk Street, with the Franklin birthplace directly opposite. Then again, a block or two down the street is the old "Julien Restaurant" (1678-1824), a famous café of the early days, to be remembered from the fact that Mr. Julien, the proprietor, gave us our Julien potatoes and Julien soup. Mr. Julien was buried on the Boylston Street side of the Common in the Old Central Burying Ground, established in 1756, in which also is the grave

of Gilbert Stuart. Within a stone-throw of the Julien Restaurant was the first Quaker meeting house, built in 1710, and near by was the Federal Street Church (1744–1809), in which the Federal Constitution was ratified and in which the celebrated Dr. Channing preached for thirty-eight or thirty-nine years. It is now represented by the Arlington Street Church (Unitarian) on the edge of the Public Garden. There were fifteen churches in the Boston of those days, something like 18,000 people, 2,300 houses, and 3,300 families.

Now let us take a look at Washington, or rather Marlborough, Street of the early days, which was then simply "the way to Roxbury," but now goes clear through to Providence, R.I. It is here on our left as we stand in the Meeting House looking across the model and facing the north end of the city in which section most of the activities and landmarks of the early days were located. On the southwest corner of our model, on Orange Street, which in those days was a continuation of Marlborough, we find the famous Hollis Street Church. To begin with, a small wooden building 30 by 40 feet was built on this site in the year 1732 and destroyed by the great fire in 1787. Then the Unitarians, in 1788, from designs furnished by Charles Bulfinch, put up a building on this site, which building, I understand, in the year 1810 was floated on a raft down the harbor to East Braintree.

Then again, coming down Washington Street to the corner of Essex we come to the famous Liberty Tree, the old-time location of which is indicated high up on the wall by a (once) handsome freestone bas-relief, representing a tree with wide-spreading branches. An inscription says that it commemorates

Liberty 1765
Law and Order
Sons of Liberty 1766
Independence of their Country 1776

In the Old South Collection there is "a remnant of the original Flag that hung from Liberty Tree in 1775" (Case No. 6). Again, still further down Washington Street and almost directly in front of the Old South we come to the celebrated Province House, the mansion of the Royal Governors, a particularly elaborate building (1678-1864) for those times, we are told. Today, March, 1923, nothing remains but a section of a brick wall still curiously plastered with two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old shingles or clapboards and still doing duty as part of a more modern building in an alley-way just across the street.

Moving down Washington Street a half-block or so we come to School Street, by many considered to be the most interesting of the old-time thoroughfares. The famous building "The Old Corner Book Store" is located on one of the Washington Street corners. The date of this

building is 1712. The tobacco business seems to have driven the books to another location, but the house, or book store, was once a famous meeting-place for literary people such as Lowell and Longfellow, and in the still earlier days a building on this corner was owned and occupied by Anne Hutchinson and her husband. The story of Anne Hutchinson still retains its interest as a record of moral and physical courage. Regardless of her opinions, she was the first individual, either man or woman, probably, to publicly defy and ridicule the autocracy of the church of those days, and she was certainly the first woman to battle on an American platform for the principles of religious freedom at a time when toleration was being preached against as a sin in rulers which would bring down the judgment of Heaven on the land.

“Let men of God in Court and Churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch”

(Deputy Gov. Dudley)

As it seems to me, the women of the Revolution were not, and are not yet, sufficiently exploited in song and story—yet they were in evidence, just the same. Phillis Wheatley, Mrs. Rowland, Anne Pollard, Anne Hutchinson, Anne Bradstreet, Abigail Adams, Madame Norton, Mercy Warren, Betsy Ross, and others made their mark and left the stamp of their nobility on this early American history.

VISITORS' BOOK

Joe Hutchinson:

Franklin, Penn.

"Direct descendant of Ann Hutchinson."

Again, up School Street a step or two from the Hutchinson house lived James Otis, one of the outstanding orators and heroes of the Revolution whose passionate eloquence in the court room against the "writs of assistance" or royal search warrants, in the words of John Fiske, "made such an impression upon the people that this scene in the court room has been since remembered—and not unjustly—as the opening scene of the American Revolution."

R. C. Otis:

Chicago, Illinois

"Descendant of John Otis, grandfather of
James Otis."

A little further up the street from the Otis mansion was the first Boston Latin School, looked upon by many people as the most famous school in America. The School dates from 1635. It is believed that its establishment was due to John Cotton, who brought with him to Boston a knowledge of the High School founded by Philip and Mary in 1554 in Lincolnshire, England. The famous pupils of this school began with Benjamin Franklin, Cotton Mather, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams down the centuries to Wendell Phillips, Charles W. Eliot, Phillips Brooks, and Edward Everett Hale. Further up

the street, on the Tremont Street corner, is King's Chapel, said to contain the oldest pulpit in America. Originally, the Chapel was the first Episcopal church in Boston, and was built by Governor Andros and his friends in 1688. The present building dates from 1749, and is now maintained by the Unitarians with a modified Episcopal service. It is interesting to know that the first King's Chapel, which was a wooden building, was occupied for regular services while the new granite structure was being built around and over it, until finally the old frame was chopped down and thrown into the street through the doors and windows of its successor. And this adventure in old-time building construction reminds us of the story that at one time a religious society in a country village desired to build a new meeting house, the old one having become dilapidated. After mature deliberation, the society, at a meeting called for the purpose, adopted the following resolutions:—

- “First: *Resolved*, That we will build a new house.
Second: *Resolved*, That we will build the new house on the site of the old one.
Third: *Resolved*, That we will use the material of the old house in building the new one.
Fourth: *Resolved*, That we will occupy the old house till the new one is completed.”

In the tower of the present King's Chapel which had such a curious beginning is a damaged Paul Revere Bell.

Just around the corner on Tremont Street is King's Chapel Cemetery, the oldest in the city, dating from 1630, only ten years after the arrival of the Mayflower. This famous burying place had an interesting origin as follows:—

The death of Mr. Isaak Johnson, September 3, 1630, was looked upon by Governor Winthrop and his devoted people as a public calamity. His lot, or property, was comprehended by the present School, Washington, Court, and Tremont Streets. When on his death-bed he expressed a wish to be buried in the upper end of this lot; and he was accordingly buried there. This was the first place of interment of the English in Boston. "He, Mr. Johnson, may be said to have been the idol of the people for they ordered their bodies, as they died to be buried round him; and this was the reason of appropriating for a place of burial what is now the Old Burying-place, adjoining King's Chapel" (*Hutchinson History Mass.* I, 16). Here is the burial place of Mary Chilton, the first woman of the Mayflower's little company to touch American soil. Here also are the graves of Governor Winthrop, Lady Andros, Rev. John Cotton, John Davenport (the founder of New Haven, Conn.), and of other prominent persons of the Colonial period. In the early days, as the story runs, a Boston Selectman or other official found fault with the way tombstones were arranged in this cemetery (it seems they were too zigzag to suit him), so he pulled

up the tablets indiscriminately from all over the lot and arranged them in straight lines along the Tremont Street sidewalk. This gave Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes the occasion to remark that he had paid a visit to this cemetery and that in his opinion the superscription on most of the tombstones, namely, "Here Lies," is absolutely true. A few days ago a visitor took the edge off this story by informing me that in Central New York there are two or three graveyards that today are suffering from the same fancied indignity, but nobody thinks it necessary to go out of his way to blame the Selectmen. With New York State people it is simply a case of excusable family pride insisting upon the old family names being placed in the front row instead of out of sight in the backwoods. Nevertheless, even in modern times very amusing liberties are sometimes taken with the departed, or those about to depart. For instance, when the writer entered the railroad service in the year 1881 there was no examination or record kept of trainmen on the old Fitchburg Railroad. However, the applicant was always called upon to answer three leading questions, namely:—

"How old are you? Where do you live? What shall we do with your remains?"

Returning now to School Street, we find that in the very early years there was a French Protestant church on the south side that was erected

by the Huguenots who came to Boston in 1686 after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When the Revolutionary War ended, this church was occupied by a congregation of thirty Irishmen and a few Spaniards. Mass was celebrated for the first time in this church in 1788. Later, in 1799, when the Catholics erected a church of their own on Franklin Street, the Huguenots generously contributed to the building fund. This was the first Catholic church erected in Boston. The liberal conduct of the Huguenots of course does not in any way offset the ferocious attitude of the early New England churches towards the Catholics and their religion (echoes, I suppose, of the massacre of the Protestants in Florida). However, under the strict rule of the Puritans, Catholics were prohibited from entering the Colony, under pain of death. This law was made in 1647. About 1650 and for some years after, many Irish Catholics were sent to Boston and sold to any of the inhabitants who were in want of slaves. In fact, with a few notable and glorious exceptions, nobody in those days wanted religious toleration, and the law of William the Silent under the protection of which the Pilgrims were harbored in Holland was universally ridiculed as tending to foster "a cage of unclean birds, the mingle-mangle of religion." Be this as it may, the Puritans' conception of religion lasted in Boston until well into the nineteenth century, when churches were

still permitted to put chains across the streets on Sundays to prevent disturbance, and when the penalties that threatened the unbeliever were seriously expressed in the popular conviction that it was "easier for a shad to climb a greased barber-pole tail foremost than for a sinner to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Turning back to Washington Street and walking north a couple of blocks we come to the famous Old State House, the scene of the State Street, or Boston, Massacre. The Old State House, or rather the Town House that preceded it on the same spot, was erected in 1657, the present building in 1748. In this building, said Samuel Adams, "Independence was born." Right under the east wing of this historic structure, in a gloomy passageway hardly to be distinguished from the grimy wall to which they are attached, are two of the most noteworthy tablets relating to town affairs and the early government thereof to be found in the city. They are as follows:—

191905

1634

Site of Public Market Place

1657

First Town House

Burnt 1711—Rebuilt 1713

Occupied by

The Great and General Court

and

The Royal Governors under

George I—II—III

THE SECOND TABLET

1780

John Hancock

Signer of

The Declaration of Independence

Was here Inaugurated

First Governor of

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

1780 — — — — 1798

Occupied by

The General Court

1830 — — — — 1839

By the City Government

Nearly all the religious and civil controversies of those early days were threshed out within a limited circumference of which the Old State House, as seen in our model, was the centre. And just across the street from the State House was located the first church erected in Boston. On the site of this church today there is a modern office building, high up over the doorway of which is a memorial tablet with the following inscription:—

Site of the First Meeting House in Boston built in
1632

Preachers, John Wilson, John Eliot, John Cotton
Used before 1640 for Town Meetings and for
Sessions of the General Court

It seems a pity that this tablet, the bust of Franklin on Milk Street, and other notable land-

marks in the city should have been placed so high up on the buildings that there is little chance of their being noticed without the assistance of a guide. On the other hand, when they are placed within easy sight and reach, as in the case of the Otis homestead on School Street and the Old State House tablets, they are then used by pedestrians (in Boston, I regret to say) as scratching-places for their matches. So, after all, one really doesn't know what to think about it.

However, the Old State House was the original seat of the town government, the place from which radiated the inspiration and the service of the different departments, such as the firemen and police. The Town Watch in those days, for example, as its story is given to us in the old records, must have been a very peculiar institution. From all accounts, it was an exact counterpart of the famous Town Watch so quaintly described for us by Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing," with Dogberry as the principal "nothing."

This is Dogberry's charge to the Town Watch in Messina:—

Dogberry:

You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Second Watchman:

We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry:

Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen!

Now compare Shakespeare's Old World story with the police reports of the Dogberry period in Massachusetts:—

1819.

A committee of the Selectmen made several visits to the Watch houses in the night time and reported as follows:

"Jan. 20. One o'clock, night. South watch doing good duty, but the two constables are asleep. At North Watch, constables awake."

"Feb. 3. Another visit made by the Inspector of Police. He said 'At one o'clock, visited South Watch; constable asleep. One and one half o'clock at Center Watch found constable and doorman asleep and a drunken man kicking at the door to get in.'

The inspector recommends that the doorman be requested to wake the constable when necessary!

Meantime, several burglaries having been committed, it is announced and recorded that 'It is now time to overhaul these watchmen: they have been asleep since New Years. The Captains are generally men in their prime, aged from 90 to 100 years and the crew only average about fourscore, and so we have the advantage of their age and experience, at least the robbers do.' "

A little further down Washington Street from the Old Town House we come to Faneuil Hall, the so-called Cradle of Liberty—which was dedi-

cated to liberty and loyalty in 1743 and has ever since been preserved and treasured. Near by in the early days was the town dock, now Dock Square, and from this neighborhood there was a short canal into the old mill pond and, by the way of the Merrimac River and Middlesex Canal, boats with produce from up-country connected with the markets in the heart of the city. But after a while (1811) they took the top off Beacon Hill (which we shall come to later on) and dumped it into the Mill Pond, filling it up, and now the North Station and no end of streets and buildings are on the site of the Old Pond. The top of the Golden Dome on the New—or present—State House is the exact height of the old time Beacon Hill—110 feet of earth from the sidewalk up were removed in this way.

In the vicinity of the Old State House and Faneuil Hall in the early days there were no end of crooked and narrow streets which a French traveller explained very simply in this way: "What can you expect?" said he. "Liberty!"

One of these liberty streets in the heart of the city was known as "Damnation Alley." It seems that when an oldtime teamster entered at one end and met another teamster from the opposite direction something noisy and emphatic must have passed between them. At any rate the street got a descriptive christening, and following the story to the end, an appeal to the Selectmen called forth an order to the effect that team-

sters when they met in these narrow streets were to behave like good citizens, jump right down, and flip a coin to see who was to back out. This, so far as known, was the first order passed on this continent for the regulation of street traffic.

These old-time stories are interesting as well as instructive. From very rude beginnings all manner of elaborate systems have been worked out. Take streets without lamps, for example. We gather from an old police report that once upon a time snakes, bears, Indians, and thieves in general were much to be dreaded in Boston in the night-time. So a law was made calling upon pedestrians and others to carry a lantern after dark. One of the first offenders was a colored man, named "'Rastus." 'Rastus appeared in court and said to the judge:—

"Your Honor, you got nothing on me. Here is the lantern." There was no candle in it. So the law was changed to read, "a lantern with a candle in it." Again 'Rastus was arrested, and again he said to the judge:—

"Your Honor, you got nothing on me. Here's the lantern and here's the candle." This time the judge is reported to have addressed 'Rastus somewhat as follows:—

"Look here, 'Rastus, I am going to make this law read, 'a lantern with a lighted candle in it.' Shall we hear from you again?" "Oh no, no!" replied 'Rastus. "Your Honor's throwing too much light on the subject."

Returning to our model, let us now call to mind that it was at the doors of the Old South Meeting House that the war-whoop was raised and a body of citizens disguised as savages led the way to the tea ships and the tea was destroyed. Such was the ever-to-be-remembered Tea Party. Here on this waterfront on our model we see just where the adventure took place. All the old-time wharves, however, have been advanced two or three thousand feet into the harbor. Today there is nothing but a small tablet on a business block on Pearl Street and Atlantic Avenue to tell us where in the year 1773 the tea ships rode at anchor. Talking about the Tea Party the other day with one of our visitors, he said to me:—

“I want to tell you what I know about the last survivor of those Tea Party heroes. You see, my name is Tozier. I hail from Waterville, Maine. I work for a man named Kennison. In the early days the ancestor of the Waterville family lived in Boston and was a member of the Tea Party. But in those days he spelled his name Kenniston. On the morning after the boys dumped the tea into the harbor, Kenniston dropped the *t* out of his name, and the family has been without it ever since. This man Kennison lived in or around Boston, according to the family history, until he was eighty years old. Then he went West, and now the City of Chicago has put up a monument to his memory in

Lincoln Park: 'To C. E. Kennison [without the *t*], the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party.' "

I was telling this story to a man from Chicago the other day, and this is what I gathered from his reply:—

"Look here," said he, "you don't want to give Chicago any credit for taking care of its antiquities, for the city doesn't deserve it. The truth of the Kennison affair is just this: Some years ago, when the city was fixing up and enlarging Lincoln Park, they came across a cemetery, had to move it out of the town—got along all right till they came to the Kennison tomb. The Kennison family said: 'Nothing doing. The tomb is here to stay, you understand.' Then the Kennison family went to law with the city to straighten the matter out and finally won the case, hands down." Thus, as my informant said, "the Kennison tomb is in Lincoln Park today, not because the city wanted it to be there, but because the Kennisons wouldn't get out. So the city put a nice little railing round the Kennison grave, also an imposing monument to the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party, and that is the way," said our visitor, "Chicago takes care of its antiquities."

Let us now return to our model and to our sight-seeing expedition. At Faneuil Hall let us get on to North Street and follow it up to North Square, where we find the oldest house in Boston, built in 1676, and for thirty years

the home of Paul Revere. From this historic building it is only a short distance to Christ Church, or the "Old North," from the belfry of which the ever memorable lanterns were displayed. Both the organ and the bells in this church antedate the Revolution and are still giving good service. The aggregate weight of the chime of eight bells is 7,272 pounds, and it is the oldest chime in America. The inscriptions on some of the bells are quite interesting:—

First Bell: "This peal of 8 bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to Christ Church in Boston, N.E., anno 1744."

Second: "This Church was founded in the year 1723. Timothy Cutler, D.D., the first rector, A.R., 1744."

Third: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America A.R., 1744."

Fourth: "God preserve the Church of England, 1744."

Fifth: "William Shirley, Esq., Governor of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, anno 1744."

Sixth: "The subscription for these bells was begun by John Hammock and Robert Temple, church wardens, anno 1743: completed by Robert Jenkins and John Gould, church wardens 1744."

Seventh: "Since generosity hath opened our mouths, all tongues shall sing aloud its praise, 1744."

Eighth: "Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, cast us all, anno 1744."

The Ancient Vinegar Bible, prayer books and silver now in use were given in 1733 by King George II. The Sunday School was established in 1815 when no other was known to exist.

The church itself, that is, the famous Old North, dates from 1723 and is the oldest in the city. It is the second Episcopal edifice, King's Chapel being the first. Paul Revere was a bell-ringer in Christ Church, but he was more than that, more even than the perpetual hero of an ever glorious midnight ride. An account of his mechanical and other versatility is bewildering. He laid the foundation stone of the present State House and supplied the copper for the plates on the dome (1802). He had a cannon factory in the town of Canton, Massachusetts, and his descendants today have a foundry on the same premises. Paul Revere did the copper and bolt work on the old frigate *Constitution*, printed paper money in the Revolutionary days, has thirty or forty bells ringing in New England churches today and he was first President of the Charitable Mechanics Institution on Huntington Avenue. He was also a dentist, a silversmith, a weather-vane artist, and a blacksmith.

A visitor at the Old South some time ago informed me that he had seen receipts from Paul Revere,—so much in the morning for fixing a person's teeth, so much in the afternoon for shoeing the same man's horse. Paul Revere was also the most insistent kind of patriot. It is a matter

of history that he was in the habit of getting groups of young people on the street in front of his windows, preaching patriotism to them with the assistance of his own pictures which he folded over a string with a candle behind them, and in this way it would seem he surely originated the picture business for educational purposes. In fact, Paul Revere's educational efforts were not confined to young people. On the first anniversary of the Boston Massacre there was a very striking pictorial exhibition at his house on North Square. Three windows were utilized. In one of them was the figure of a woman, representing America, sitting on the stump of a tree, with a staff in her hand and the cap of liberty on the top thereof; one foot on the head of a grenadier, lying prostrate, grasping a serpent, her finger pointing to the tragedy.

Furthermore, very few people are aware of the first and probably the most memorable ride of Paul Revere, which took place in the year 1774. From an account of it which may be found in the Town Hall in Newcastle, New Hampshire, it appears that the Colonial Militia had a big supply of powder and ammunition stored near or in Fort William and Mary, and Revere got secret information that the British authorities were planning to get possession of it. So Revere rode from Boston to Newcastle to warn the patriots, who immediately removed the powder into safe keeping at Durham, New Hamp-

shire. At any rate, this is the story brought in to the Old South by one of our Newcastle visitors.

Again, the "Green Dragon Tavern" on Union Street (on our model) was the most notable building in America (1680-1828) from the Revolutionary point of view. It was the headquarters of the Paul Revere Chapter of Masons. Within its sombre walls during the early days of the American Revolution, Samuel Adams, James Otis, Joseph Warren, Paul Revere, and other "Sons of Liberty" in their secret councils planned the separation of the Colonies from the mother country. The following public document in the Old South collection tells of the humanity and patriotism of the Green Dragon proprietors:—

Feby. 24, 1776.

To the Revd. Doct. Carver, Col. Snelling,
Major Paddock, Capt. Gore, and Capt. Gay.

Gentlemen:—

Having occasion for a large Commodious House for the purpose of a hospital in which the poor, infirm, and Aged can be lodged upon the Charity in which you are appointed stewards, and having the consent of the proprietors in town of the House commonly called the Green Dragon to apply that to this purpose you are hereby required to take possession of this house and prepare it as a hospital for the reception of such objects as shall require immediate relief for which this shall be your authority.

(Signed) THOS. OLIVER.
Lieut. Governor.

The Masonic Lodge held its monthly meetings in the Green Dragon Tavern. On November 30,

1773, the following words in a distinct hand were entered in the records:—

“N.B. Consignees of Tea took up the Brethren’s time”

Entry in the Old South Visitors’ Book September 13, 1921:—

Irving G. Hau:

Marshfield, Mass.

“My mother, named Sarah Cushing, was born in the Green Dragon Tavern.”

Finally the Mather House, home of Cotton, Increase, and Samuel; the Hutchinson Mansion, home of the Tea Party Governor; the first and second Baptist churches dating back to 1678 (when it cost something to be a Baptist); and last but not least, the old Copp’s Hill (1659) cemetery with its memories of British headquarters and the battle of Bunker Hill,—these are some of the landmarks of the famous North End.

Now let us return from our survey of the “North End” to historic Boston Common, the scene of many glorious happenings, and, I am afraid, of a few that were not so glorious. It dates from the year 1634. It is on Boston Common that those who so desire may study the psychology of punishment from the seventeenth and eighteenth century point of view. In those days a “hanging” seems to have been looked upon as a public entertainment, and, as a sort of psychological preliminary in some cases, we are told that suspected criminals were occasionally

shackled to the whipping-post on the Common while the policeman strolled down to the guard house for instructions. Up to the year 1805 and probably a little later, whipping was administered on a platform near the corner of West Street. "The platform consisted of a frame work reached by stairs with posts raised on two sides and a cap across the top like a gallows but no drop. A pole stood in the middle to which the culprit was made fast with iron shackles, and with ankles in sockets and arms extended like a malefactor his naked back was ready for the lash." Criminals for small offences were sometimes exposed on this platform without the lash.

It was on Boston Common that Margaret Jones, the first woman doctor in America, paid the extreme penalty of the law for being wiser and more humane than her fellows. On the street one day "a little child was seen to run from Margaret and when followed by an officer it vanished." This sealed Margaret's fate. Her husband, Thomas, attempted to escape on a vessel to the West Indies, but "the ship being in light ballast and having on board 80 horses fell a rolling." An officer was sent for, and when he came, some one said to him: "You can tame men. Can't you tame the ship?" Said the officer, drawing a warrant, "I have here what will tame her!" And forthwith he arrested Mr. Jones. "At that instant," in the words of the old police report, "the ship began to stop rolling and when Jones

was put in prison it moved no more." For a number of years the pillory, the stocks, the whipping-post, and cages for Sabbath-breakers were located on the Common, or some of them were, as well as at other points; and it is interesting to know that the first "stocks," which was erected near the Old State House, was the handiwork of a man named Palmer. It was built for the city, and Palmer sent in his bill to the Selectmen for one pound, thirteen shillings, and seven pence. The Selectmen immediately arrested him for profiteering, fined him five pounds, and put him in his own stocks.

But let us turn to material of a more cheerful character. For one thing it is pleasant to picture the scene, far back before the Revolution, when some three hundred demure maidens with their spinning-wheels assembled on the Common competing for glory and prizes and otherwise playing Priscilla to admiring John Aldens. Again, at the northwest corner of the Common, as we see it in our model, stands a small building called the Blaxton House. Mr. Blaxton was a retired Episcopal minister. He was the first inhabitant of Boston—or Shawmut, as it was then called. He seems to have purchased the whole estate, or island, from the Indians. At any rate, when Governor Winthrop arrived, he found Mr. Blaxton in full possession. So every householder who came over with the Governor had to pay six shillings for the privilege of settling on Boston soil

until thirty pounds had been collected as payment in full. After a while Mr. Blaxton moved out to that beautiful valley through which flows the Blackstone River, named after him. According to reports Mr. Blaxton had considerable trouble with the Puritans, and when he was asked to explain his position he replied, "I left England because I didn't like my Lord Bishop and over here I don't like my Lord Brethren any better."

In talking about Governor Winthrop one is naturally reminded of Anne Pollard. She was the first woman, or young lady, to step on the soil of Boston. She lived to be one hundred and five years old. She was in the first boatload that brought over Governor Winthrop and his party. As the boat drew up to the shore, she, being a romping girl, declared she would be the first woman to land, and forthwith she jumped from the bow of the boat onto the beach. It is also interesting to know that when she was one hundred and three years old she had her picture taken, or painted, and what is still more puzzling is the fact that it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference between her features and those of the Rev. Thomas Thacher, the first minister of the Old South, who I understand was Anne's pastor. Mr. Thacher's portrait hangs on the east wall of the Old South Meeting House. In explaining this resemblance between the two, a well-known artist assured me that in those

early days, among ultra-religious people, a portrait was supposed to reproduce people's feelings rather than their features, and that the ambition of the average church member was to feel, that is, to look, like the Minister.

Anne Pollard's picture seems to warrant this queer analysis of art among the Puritans.

Old South Visitors' Book, January 5, 1922:—

Dr. & Mrs. W. Louis Chapman: Providence, R.I.
"Of the Anne Pollard family, Descendant of Andrew Pollard."

Another historic structure on Beacon Hill, or rather Mt. Vernon Street, not far from the Blaxton House, is known today or is sometimes called the Old Studio Building. According to one version of its history, it remains a one-story building on account of restrictions forced upon the early owner of the property by the owner of the lot on the opposite side of the street, who claimed that a second story would shut out his view of the Common. And furthermore, the ancient title to the "Studio" property, we are told, calls for a door or gateway of wide dimensions to be and to remain on said lot forever, for the cows to go into and out of the Common.

We must bear in mind, however, that Beacon Hill itself has an eventful history. It is one of the historic spots that help illuminate the glorious story of religious and political freedom in

America. As such, it represents one of the earliest of Boston's cosmic propositions; in other words, it was on the top of Beacon Hill that Boston in 1634 actually put her foot down and said something memorable to England and to the world at large. At the beginning of its history, however, the tract of land of which Beacon Hill was a part and which was owned by the town was only six rods square. On the top of this grassy mound, which was then known as Centry Hill, was erected a *Beacon*, used to alarm the country in case of invasion or other public danger. It was erected about 1634-1635 with a watch of one person to give the signal on the approach of danger. The beacon pole was a tall mast (see Miss Thwing's model) standing on cross timbers placed upon a stone foundation and supported by braces. Treenails were driven through the mast, by which it was ascended, and near the top projected a crane of iron, 65 feet from the base, upon which was suspended an iron skeleton frame, designed to receive a barrel of tar or other combustible material. Such in brief is the story of Beacon Hill from the average historian's knowledge and point of view; but its real significance, it seems to me, is much wider and grander.

In explaining the world-wide interest that is attached to the story of Beacon Hill, I must remind my readers that the struggle for religious and other freedom was not confined to America

and once in a while travellers come in to the Old South and tell far-time stories that bring the ends of the earth together in interesting fashion.

"My name is Geddes," said a gentleman to me one day. "Your Old South Church, it seems to me, is a sort of historical companion to St. Giles in Edinburgh, and there is no end of romance and adventure connected with both of these famous churches. Perhaps you can call to mind that way back in the days of Archbishop Laud an attempt was made to impose upon the people of Scotland a form of worship they detested, and one day, while some of the objectionable doctrines were being preached from the pulpit of St. Giles, a woman, by name Jennie Geddes, took hold of the stool on which she was seated and sent it flying across the church at the preacher's head. This started a riot," said Mr. Geddes, "and the incident itself is as big a feature in the history of Scotland as is the Battle of Bunker Hill in the story of the American Revolution. I have in my possession," continued my informant, "Jennie Geddes' prayer book—and by the way, I may also inform you that the present British Minister in Washington is a direct descendant of the Scottish heroine."

Now, in order to connect our ever memorable Beacon pole with Mother Geddes, with the "Solemn League and Covenant," with the "ship-money" legislation, and so on to the execution

of Charles the First, and the American Revolution, I beg leave to do so in the words of John Fiske in his "Beginnings of New England."

In the year 1635 the enemies of Massachusetts were particularly busy in England. They bargained with King Charles for the parcelling out of the colony among the king's favorites. It was finally decided to send Sir Ferdinando Gorges with the power and authority to govern New England autocratically and tyrannously, as Andros attempted to do later on.

"For a moment," wrote Mr. Fiske, "the danger seemed alarming, but happily, as Winthrop says, 'the Lord frustrated the design.' For one thing, it was noted as a special providence that the ship in which Gorges was to sail was hardly off the stocks when it fell to pieces. Then the most indefatigable enemy of the colony, John Mason, suddenly died. The king at this time issued his famous writ of ship-money and set all England by the ears; and, to crown all, the attempt to read the Episcopal liturgy at St. Giles's Church at Edinburgh led straight to the Solemn League and Covenant. Amid the first mutterings of the Great Rebellion the proceedings against Massachusetts were dropped, and the unheeded colony went on thriving in its independent course. But when the news of the king's evil designs had first reached Boston, the people of the infant colony showed no readiness to yield to intimidation. In their measures there

was a decided smack of what was to be realized one hundred and forty years later. Orders were immediately issued for fortifying Castle Island in the harbor and the heights at Charlestown and Dorchester. Militia companies were put in training, and *a beacon was set up on the highest hill in Boston*, to give prompt notice to all the surrounding country of any approaching enemy."

It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that Beacon Hill (being the highest hill in Boston) and the Beacon pole represented the earliest and most significant manifestation of the spirit of Massachusetts in its momentous struggle with the home government.

Another old-time building of very great interest to be seen on our model was located on the corner of the Common where now stands the present Park Street Church, built in 1809. It was known as the "Granary," and it gave the name to the famous Granary graveyard alongside. It must have been quite a problem to keep track of graves and gravestones in this cemetery, for we read that in the early days the grave-diggers frequently informed the Selectmen that the Old Granary was so full, they were obliged at times to bury the bodies four deep. However, there they are together, heroes and heroines of the Revolution in a common grave, mingling their nobilities with the earth and the air, yes, and with the daily life of the people from generation to generation,—Ben Franklin's

father and mother, Revere, Otis, Hancock, Sewall, Adams, and scores of others, both leaders and rank and file, who were tried in the furnace of American beginnings and were not found wanting.

INTERMISSION

ABOUT VISITORS AND ADVERTISING

The preceding venture in story-telling is launched at the request of hundreds of visitors to the Old South Meeting House. From the historical point of view it represents the average visitor's idea of what is interesting and instructive. Visitors of course are a very substantial asset in any community. Hence the City of Boston, for example, pays no end of official attention to so-called "conventions" and similar gatherings. On the other hand, the unattached visitors on the streets, thousands upon thousands of them every year, are left to take care of themselves. There is no organized method in evidence anywhere in the city for their encouragement and assistance. When looking for a tablet of historical importance or a famous building our visitors simply buttonhole some one on the street. But unfortunately, the average man on the streets of Boston today (and this includes the policemen) isn't posted on historical landmarks. Of course the hotel people are very obliging in all such matters. They are headquarters for information about routes and transportation. But the advertising of trolley and bus lines and the supply of kindred information by interested people is quite a minor form of civic hospitality. And besides, so far as trips

within the city limits are concerned, the average visitor has little use for a book or a bus. What he needs and would like to find, say in his room at the hotel, is a "Guide at a Glance" of some kind. What to see and how to get there is what the average visitor has on his mind when he or she arrives in the city. And visitors would like this information, if possible, on a small card, giving an outline of the principal streets, with practical directions for finding the famous buildings or tablets, not forgetting the distances between them in blocks or fractions of a mile. For to tell the truth, the average visitor prefers to walk about town if he can be reasonably sure of his bearings. He comes to Boston to visit and to inspect personally at close quarters, and not to rattle around in a bus and listen to historical oratory mingled with street noises.

Furthermore, visitors to Boston (at any rate, I can speak for the Old South visitors) almost without exception are splendidly disposed towards everything relating to the old-time story of the Puritans and the Pilgrims. From far and near they come to refresh their memories at the shrines of American patriotism. In this way, New England, her history, her individuality, her interests, is being constantly and persistently advertised all over the country. In fact, so far as keeping alive a popular and national interest in early American history is con-

cerned, the New England of today is very largely indebted to the never-flagging enthusiasm of her visitors. It is from this point of view that the City of Boston in particular should consider the advertising value of her guests and accord to them a larger measure of personal and civic attention.

Furthermore, as we all know, the City of Boston today is lamentably weak and deficient in street markers and historical indicators. Along this line of betterment, "information" tablets displayed at certain famous street-corners, such as at Park Street, King's Chapel, and the Old State House, would be a great boon to visitors. And now a word about advertising.

THE HARRISON GRAY OTIS HOUSE

CORNER CAMBRIDGE AND LYNDE STREETS

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities was originated in 1910 for the purpose of saving for future generations the rapidly disappearing monuments of New England and the antiquities connected with its people. The Society already has installed in the Otis House (1795), No. 2 Lynde Street, Boston, an interesting and comprehensive exhibit filling seven rooms. And what an absorbing collection of Colonial treasures it is, to be sure.

A miniature Bible, about an inch any way you measure it,—Chippendale and Empire chairs and

mirrors—curious old mantels, tables, bureaus, and cabinets—chair-back screens to keep the chills from your neck—wall decorations in wax—wall-papers and floor coverings—kitchen-ware—glassware, creamware, and a wonderful collection of the blue variety—hand looms and tape looms, door-knobs, latches, locks, bolts, fans, rings, dolls, trays, and half a roomful of those quaint old bandboxes to hold sunbonnets, I suppose, of unlimited dimensions—and then such an interesting and valuable collection of pictures and portraits! For example:

GENERAL WILLIAM BRATTLE
in 1756

By John Singleton Copley
At the Age of 18 Years

GEORG SIGMUND FACIUS
ENGRAVER

By Gilbert Stuart

And to think that probably not one visitor to Boston in five hundred ever heard or hears of the Harrison Gray Otis House on Cambridge Street is—to me, at any rate—a most astonishing state of affairs.

Instead of the usual guide-book information, I submit the above as a somewhat more attractive invitation to visit the Harrison Gray Otis House and its Colonial treasures. Historic buildings and collections should all be treated in much the same way. Of course Bostonians are supposed

to know a little something about these old-time buildings and tablets, but aside from the knowledge of a distinguished few who are associated for the most part with patriotic societies, the education of Bostonians in the shrines of New England history is, after all, nothing but a supposition. In fact, our visitors are continually lodging complaint at the Meeting House about lack of information and misdirection. The man on the street and the policeman on his beat in the City of Boston reflect the very spirit of hospitality and courtesy, but, quoting a visitor,—

“They hate to acknowledge their ignorance, so they frankly tell you the little they know, which usually is unreliable, and in this way visitors who are hunting for the ‘Old North’ sometimes find themselves in Cambridge, at Harvard Square, or at the Back Bay.”

Partially to account for this state of affairs it must be borne in mind that ever so many people in Boston today still look on the Puritan period of New England history from a somewhat cynical point of view. I suppose this is the fault of their religious education. They do not seem to be able to forget the blind religious bigotry of those early days. And yet the Old South Meeting House, regardless of present-day religious divisions or subdivisions, should be remembered not only as a “Sanctuary of Freedom,” but distinctively as the church that initiated and stood for the awakening of the minds of the people into

wider and healthier conceptions of religious liberty.

“The South Church, then, came forth as a protest against exclusiveness—religious, and political. At the very beginning it stood for freedom of worship and political equality.”

(Old South Leaflet No. 202)

Of course this little bit of criticism leads straight to the point that the City of Boston, and New England in general, from the historical point of view are urgently in need of a little practical advertising. And let us remember that this is by no means a new field of enterprise for the Boston banks. The Suffolk Savings Bank, for example, Charles Henry Parker, Treasurer, in 1876 had considerable to do with financing and saving the Old South Meeting House. Then again, the State Street Trust Company, the Old Colony Trust Company, and right up to the minute, the characteristic and inspirational paintings in the new Federal Reserve Bank on Pearl Street, by Mr. Converse Wyeth,—these institutions, I say, and these men have all been doing notable work in historical advertising. Indeed, as patriotic and educational factors, the banks today are coming more and more to the front.

And, by the way, speaking to the banking interests, why don't you make the interior of your savings banks a little more attractive? You do not advertise your wares and your mission intelligently. You invest millions in homes and

industries. Why not have pictures of homes and industries on your walls? If the savings bank is to be the home of an idea, why not say so in some way? Ideas of thrift and home-building have a wealth of illustration in art and literature. And besides, there isn't a suspicion of friendliness in bare walls. Why not pay a little attention to the humanities in your wall effects? Every touch of this kind will add to the significance of your service and to the value of your business. "Mother," said a little girl in a Boston bank the other day, "are you taking me through the jail?"

At any rate, the proposition is now in order to educate a multitude of people on the landmarks, traditions, and character values of early American history. It means a more generous distribution of inspiration and information by means of cards, programs, and bulletin-boards in hotels, banks, churches, and other public places. Even a start in this direction would be a great boon to visitors and an additional feather in the cap of Boston hospitality. Let these methods and these forces, I say, get in line and be counted. From year to year from lack of group management, and a reasonable amount of advertising, the interest of all classes of people in the early history of America is rapidly declining, and the authorities in charge of the historic places in New England are well aware of this much-to-be-regretted situation.

Finally, in summing up this rambling story of the Old South Meeting House in Boston and its little army of enthusiastic visitors (some thirteen thousand in the year 1921-1922) from every State in the Union and from nearly every outside country in the world, one is tempted to exclaim: What is it all about? What is the point of contact, the sense of ownership and kinship, the almost inconceivable human interest that fairly bubbles from the attitude and conversation of these visitors from far and near? What have California and Washington, Ohio and Illinois, New York and Vermont, and the rest of the American family of States to say about New England and its memories? Is it merely a matter of geography, of curiosity, of the migration of families, or of the mingling of races? Did the New England spirit help to span rivers, build railroads, cultivate prairies, irrigate deserts, liberate a wealth of progressive ideas, and spread the gospel of American kinship from end to end and around the circumference of a continent? These visitors tell me it did help, and most amazingly.

PERSONAL

This book is altogether a personal undertaking without prompting or authority from any quarter. Like its predecessor "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" published in 1908, it is a simple illustration of what a worker in a short time can put into his work, and, incidentally, get out of it.

JAMES O. FAGAN

Old South Meeting House

1928

APPRECIATION

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

MARCH 21, 1908.

PERSONAL

My dear Mr. Fagan:

I am greatly interested in your recent articles in the Atlantic Monthly. Can you get down here to see me Wednesday morning next?

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mr. J. O. Fagan
Beaver Street
Waltham, Massachusetts



MAP SHOWING
HISTORICAL POINTS
AND ROUTES FROM
THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE

SCALE - FEET
0 1000

ARRANGED BY JAMES O. FAGAN

Drawn by J.A. Chickholm
147 Milk St. Boston.

Mount Union College Libraries
917.446 F151o
Fagan, James Octavi/The Old South, or
MB0
3 7048 40070 4112

917.446-F151o 191905

AUTHOR
Fagan, James Octavius

TITLE
The old South.

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME

917.446-F151o 191905

WITHDRAWN
UNIV OF MOUNT UNION LIBRARY

Catalogue of 222 Leaflets, etc., at the Meeting House.

THE OLD SOUTH
MEETING HOUSE
A MONUMENT
OF THE REVOLUTION
A PLACE FOR
PATRIOTIC INSPIRATION
AND INSTRUCTION
HERE THE MEN OF BOSTON
PROVED THEMSELVES BRAVE
INDEPENDENT FREEMEN
WORTHY TO WIN AND TRANSMIT
PUBLIC LIBERTY UNDER LAW

THE OLD SOUTH TODAY

"The Meeting House now contains an historical museum, and is the headquarters of the Old South Work in History. At stated times it is opened for lectures to teachers, school children and others, and in every way it is sought to make of it such a centre of inspiration as 'Sanctuary of Freedom' should be."

(Old South Leaflet No. 202)



T2-DNH-078

